

COBBETT'S WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Published every Saturday Morning, at Six o'Clock.

TO

SAMUEL CLARKE, Esq.,

ON SCOTCH IMPUDENCE AND
ENGLISH SHEEPISHNESS ;

AND ALSO

*On divers things, connected with
the present state of husbandry
and of the labourers in husbandry,
especially the attempt contained
in SCARLETT'S check-population bill.*

Kensington, 29th May, 1821.

DEAR SIR,

I have very seldom experienced greater pleasure than that given me by your Letter of the 23rd of this month. We are always pleased to find our labours attended with *effect* ; to find that our words produce acts ; to find the thing, which we tug at, *move*. In this particular case there are many circumstances of a nature peculiarly pleasing ; and I cannot refrain from making those circumstances known to the public, who, it will be seen, are by no means uninterested in the subject of this our correspondence.

The cultivation of *Swedish*

Turnips has, it may be said, nothing to do with "*Scotch Impudence and English Sheepishness*." No ; except that I choose to write upon both in one and the same Register. Scotch impudence, favoured by English sheepishness, has had a great deal to do in despoiling and defrauding the English labourer in husbandry : it has been the great immediate cause of the direct attempts against the very existence of that labourer : it has actually produced the *savage* notions, respecting the poor, which have, at last, assumed the air of a *settled design*. Upon all these matters I am about to address you, beginning with that, which is so pleasing to me, and in which the nation at large as well as the farmers are so deeply interested, namely, the *cultivation of the Swedish Turnip*. I am anxious to do justice to our English labourers ; but it is but fair, you know, that I should do a little justice to myself, especially when I consider, that there is nothing that I can do in that way which must not be beneficial to the country.

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You say, that you are more in my debt than you ever can repay. This is being just and generous at the same time : just, because it really does appear that you have derived advantages from my labours, which advantages admit not of payment : and generous, because you must well know that in giving me leave to publish such a letter you were doing what very few men would do ; and, indeed, that it was an act, which, all circumstances considered, I could have no right to expect at your hands.

The public, in general, and even you yourself, may not know that there is such a publication as the "FARMER'S WEEKLY JOURNAL." This publication is, I am told, supported chiefly by *Landlords*. Its main object seems to be to cause rents to be kept up although the labourer be crushed to powder ; from the Numbers of it that I have seen, I should suppose it to be, in proportion to its circulation, as effective a tool of corruption as is to be found in the country. That such a publication should aim blows at *me* is not at all surprising ; for I have long been a target for every arrow in the quiver of that atrocious corruption, which has at last, driven its arrows into the

breasts of its own choicest creatures. About the time of my last return to England ; that return, which the Magistrates of Manchester intimated their intention to hail in so hospitable a manner ; that return for having merely announced which the Lanchashirers crammed a man into jail for ten weeks ; about the time of that return, when frightened corruption was as busy as the devil in a high wind, spreading her nets and forging her chains ; about the time of that return, when every vile wretch that could stutter out words of abuse upon me, or spatter them down upon paper, the Farmer's weekly Museum, having been applied to by a "*Young Farmer*" for information as to the question, "whether any one in England had tried Cobbett's American mode of cultivating the Swedish turnip," answered in somewhat the following words : "we know enough of Cobbett and of America, too, to advise our correspondent not to believe any thing that Cobbett says."

Now, what chastisement can be too severe for the man who could put this upon paper ? Talk of *coarseness* ! talk of rudeness ! What can be coarse, what can be rude, when applied to the

writer of this? Is it coarse to call a brute a brute? Is it thought rude to call the house-breaker, or the murderer, a villain? Of what *use* are terms like these if they are never to be applied? And ought not the word *base* and the word *scoundrel* to be taken out of the dictionary, if they are not to be applied to the writer of this sentence? Upon the face of the thing, without any facts to illustrate it, this was a most detestable act. The wretch had seen my book or he had not: if the latter, how could he offer an opinion upon the subject at all; and if the latter, he must have been a wilful perverter of truth, and that, too, for the sole purpose of injuring my reputation, though in doing that he was doing a manifest injury to his correspondent and to the nation at large. But, when this malignant sentence is contrasted with the contents of your letter, is there a man of honour in England, who will not feel indignant at the base scoundrel who could put such a sentence upon paper?

I now proceed to insert, according to your obliging permission that letter which does such ample justice to the Agricultural Part of my *Year's Residence*, and which reflects so much ho-

nour on yourself. The public should be informed that the *Year's Residence* came out in three parts, the first in 1818, and the two others in 1819. They were written for the double purpose of giving instructions for the rearing of cattle food in America, and of communicating useful information to persons going from England to that country. You, it appears, thought the instructions worthy of attention; you tried the method; you found it to be what you have described it; and, like an honest and independent man, you have enabled me to communicate to the public an account of the effects of your experiment.

Bergh Apton, (near Norwich)

May 23, 1821.

DEAR SIR,

1. I have often wished to perform, and am now about performing, an act of justice to you, by stating the result of my following your culture of the *Swedish Turnip*.

2. In 1819, as soon as I got your *Year's Residence in America*, I began, and drilled six acres of Swedish Turnips, at the distance of four feet, and transplanted six acres at the same width. I ploughed three times from the plants, and a few days after I moulded them up again,

with the Northumberland plough. This was one of the worst years for Swedish Turnips (in this neighbourhood) I ever knew, yet mine were the "CRACK" of this part of the country. I had many visitors to see them and my neighbour and friend, Doctor Rigby, whose experiments in farming do him very great credit, expressed his approbation, and was highly pleased with the mode of culture.

3. I was also visited by several *Parsons*; they came on purpose to see my Swedish Turnips, and I must say I have always found the noses of these gentry *very keen*; I allude to the generality of them, for there are some very honourable exceptions. They looked at the turnips for the same reason the magpye looked into the bone, to see if any more was to be *got out of it*: —THE SYSTEM!

4. This last year, 1820, I had thirty acres of Swedes. The culture I carried on as follows: I put in six acres at four feet, transplanted, ploughed the same as before, three times from the plants and three times back again; ten acres were put in on the Northumberland ridges, thirty inches in width; and fourteen acres on ten furrow ridges, four

drills on the ten furrows, about twenty inches distant; these were hoed three times, with a horse hoe which I made, and which performs the work better than any hoe I have seen. I hoe three of the Northumberland ridges at the same time, on the ten furrow ridges, the horses going in each furrow, and hoeing the whole ridge; these hoes will cut from three to four inches in depth, which I mention to prove that the two latter had good hoeings.

5. In the October following, I began to take off the *leaves* of the Swedish Turnips as you recommended, and for three months I fed my hogs, in the yard, on them. I might pull off about a waggon-load to the acre. With these my hogs kept in good thriving condition. I several times put some beet-root into the yard; but I observed that the hogs would not touch them when they could get the Swedish Turnip leaves. But the best part is yet to come; for my hogs made me, by my following this your advice, *two hundred loads of most excellent muck*.

6. I will now relate a circumstance that will at once prove the comparative difference of the modes of culture. GEORGE KETT, Esq the Sheriff of the

County, called on me to see the different systems. He expressed himself much pleased with the four-feet rows; and, he wishing to purchase an acre or two of Turnips, I begged he would take them where he pleased, out of the different modes of culture. He said he admired those on the wide ridges; but, if I pleased, he would send his Steward and let him take them where he thought they were best. I very much approved of this offer. The Steward came: I went with him over the different fields with my son, and requested him to take them where he considered them best. He made choice of those put in at four feet distance. I then told him we had weighed and measured a rod of each, and that the Turnips he chose were the heaviest. This year also was very unfavourable for Swedish Turnips with us, the grubs being so numerous, that we sometimes found ten or more, when hoeing, at a plant, and the Turnips when full grown had holes in them eaten by the grubs, more than an inch in depth. The produce was six hundred and forty bushels per acre.

I have persevered in *burning earth*, which you so strongly recommended. Last year I burnt

near six hundred loads; this year already I have burnt near two hundred, and have a considerable quantity yet to burn. The ashes cost me eightpence per load, and I put on thirty loads to the acre. This I find quite sufficient.

I shall ever think myself your debtor, for the information I have gained in reading your Year's Residence in America; and I have humbly endeavoured, to make you recompence by these statements, and beg leave to remain

Your Obedient
Humble Servant,
SAM. CLARKE.

Here, then, we have the best possible evidence of the utility of my work. Here we have my method put against the Northumberland. We have the four feet distances put against the thirty inches, and against the twenty inches; and we have the *transplanting*, at four feet distances. The transplanting is the method to which I give the preference; and on this the superior merit is stamped by your trials.

The circumstance mentioned in the fifth paragraph of your letter, that Mr. Kett, first by himself, and next by his steward, gave the preference to the four feet rows,

and to the transplanted of those rows, is complete in point of evidence; because here was opinion backed by *money laid down*, which is always a pretty good proof of sincerity.

The facts mentioned in your fourth paragraph are very interesting. No one, who reads that paragraph can help perceiving the great importance of the method there mentioned. I am decidedly of opinion that this plant never ought to be consumed upon the ground, under any circumstances. The greens in that case are pretty nearly all thrown away, and they are nearly equal, weight for weight, to loaved early York cabbages, which are, weight for weight, worth twice as much as the things called cattle cabbages, and will (in proportion to the time that they stand upon the ground) produce a much heavier crop, all the difference in the expence being in the mere act of transplanting. I have repeatedly observed, in the course of my work, that the criterion of excellence in cattle crops is, the preference given by hogs. "*Will a hog thrive upon it?*" That's the question; and if that question be answered in the negative, the article is not worth cultivating upon good land. Talk of the *discrimi-*

nating powers of lawyers! They are cunning enough to be sure; and to the Parsons faculty of smelling out good things, all history, ancient and modern, bears testimony. But, for discrimination as to the quality of articles of food, commend me to a pig, young or old; and those who regard a pig's snout as made for nothing but to grunt and to grub with, must have taken less delight in the society of hogs, and paid less attention to their manners than I have. A hog is none of your fanciful philosophers; none of your abstract politicians: he cares not a straw about appearances and tastes: the simple question with him is, "will this thing lay flesh upon my bones?" and if that question be answered in the affirmative, down his throat it goes as long as there is a space sufficient to contain a pin's head unfilled in his maw. I am for the pig philosophy and pig policy: "will the measure *do us good*: will it give the nation strength: will it make the millions happy:" these are the questions that I put; and upon the answers that reason gives to these questions, all Statesmen should regulate their conduct. I have said that a pig will reject every plant, except the

parsnip and the carrot, for the Swedish turnip; and the greens of the Swedish turnip, as you have most amply proved, are not the least valuable part even of that plant. By "*beet-root*," I suppose you mean the *Mangel Wurzel*. However, they are nearly the same thing; and unquestionably, they are in point of fattening quality, greatly inferior to the Swedish turnip. When we think of the thousands and hundreds of thousands of waggon loads of Swedish turnip greens, which are thrown away, or, at best, turned to very little account, it is impossible that your statement should not be of great utility. These greens come precisely at the time when they are wanted; that is to say, in October, November and December, when the grass is going and is finally gone. Hogs and lean cattle will keep themselves well by grazing until the latter end of September; but, when the sun, which is never too strong in England, becomes weak, the grass becomes weak in its powers also. It diminishes in its quantity, by degrees, till it is reduced to nothing; and, with judicious farming, the Swedish turnip green will carry on the stock until the end of December. During the

winter the Barn's door sends out food for the lean cattle, and a good deal for the pigs; and when April, May and June come, there are the Swedish turnips in stacks to carry the whole along until after Hay making time, when the grazing again begins.

With such a system who need care much about *meadows*? The Swedish turnip is the better for being *kept*. It loses no part of its flesh-giving quality; and you will find, if you keep a few turnips round till November, without suffering them to dry wholly up, that a hog will prefer the old turnip to the new. The main thing to be considered upon a farm is, what is to feed the pigs and lean cattle in April, May and June. Tell a farmer that you will see him amply provided for those three months, and he will have no hesitation in doubling the stock which he has kept up to that time, and this, upon a farm of a hundred and fifty acres, you will enable him to do by teaching him to cultivate, to manage and to apply, according to my method, fifteen acres of Swedish turnips.

Amongst the benefits which may be derived from this garden-like system of mine, those which small farmers and even *labourers* may derive from it, are by no

means the least; for it is *their* well-being; it is their belly-full; it is their Sunday coat; it is their comfortable fire-side and their warm bed; which, as I am sure you will think, we ought, above all things, to keep in view. A very small piece of ground, cultivated judiciously, will keep a cow, and especially of the smaller size. I should not be afraid to undertake, upon pain of passing for a fool if I failed, to keep a cow the whole year round on the produce of a *quarter of an acre of land*; that is to say, forty rods, sixteen feet and a half to the rod in length; or two hundred and seventy-two square feet to the square rod. It is very well known that a man, in full strength and health can keep such a piece of ground in good order and perform his daily labour besides. There are the wife and children, too, plenty of hands, that would do nothing else, at the times when this spot would require them. A cow, however small, would yield, on an average, five quarts of milk a day, which is no less than 1,825 quarts in a year! Nothing need be said to show the benefit of these quarts of milk to a family. Besides, in cases where a cow could not be obtained, pigs could be obtained; and, perhaps, these

would be, in the end, the most profitable of the two. When I have leisure, I may write a little thing to be called "*Cottage Economy*," which I should be ashamed not to be sure to see produce more good in one year than all the Agricultural Societies put together have ever produced from their beginning to the present day.

Of the *waste* which takes place, in the usual management, or, rather, mis-management, of the Swedish turnip, a very strong instance was given in the case of my own crop in 1816. At the close of that terrible year of weeds, couch grass and charloc, of spoiled hay, of grown wheat, and of barley-cocks rotting in the fields in December, I had *fifty two acres* of transplanted Swedish turnips containing, upon an average, not less than twenty tons to the acre, the rows four feet apart, and the land as free from weeds as a *parterre*. I came to London late in November to carry on the war against Corruption. Owing to the falseness and cowardice of the shuffling chief under whose banners I had, like an unassuming fool as I was, condescended to range myself, we were defeated, and some of us

compelled to flee. My Swedish turnips, the *worth* of which you are able to estimate, brought *little or nothing*. They were sold chiefly, I believe, to be what they call "*fed off*" by Sheep! In short, an almost total destruction of this really magnificent crop took place. I knew this. It was full in my mind when I was preparing to go off, in order to make Corruption feel the force of my long arm. I knew I was leaving my fine crop of turnips to be wasted and destroyed; but, though I had to move, merely with a trunk, and as quick as a post chaise would carry me; though I left books, papers, and even the great part of shirts and coats behind, I found time to get and room to contain, *ten pounds of Swedish turnip seed!* Nothing put this out of my head. No bills and no dungeons frightened this away. That ten pound of turnip seed, which I sent for to Mason in the Strand, introduced the culture; aye, the general culture, of that important plant into the fields of America, and enabled me to repay the people of that country for the protection and security afforded me by their valour and their wise insitutions. I never reflect on this ten pound of turnips seed without feeling

more satisfaction than I have derived from almost any thing during the whole course of my life. The thought which led to the getting of this little bag of seed, finally produced the book of the utility of which to England herself you have borne such ample and honourable testimony. In America I had testimonials enough. Farmers came hundreds of miles to see the man who had given them lessons so useful. A very few days before my departure for England a gentleman came to me from a great distance out of the state of Connecticut, and told me that he had a large piece of Swedish Turnips, raised and cultivated precisely according to my directions; that there was not one single plant wanting in the whole piece; that they then, having arrived at only about two thirds of their weight, weighed upon an average *six pounds a piece*; and that he had come about eighty miles for the express purpose of giving me his thanks, thinking that a letter was not, upon such an occasion, a mode of acknowledgement such as my claims upon his gratitude demanded. As to letters of thanks, they would have amounted to Volumes; and, indeed, I was at last sorry to receive them,

because it was wholly out of my power to answer them; and this I was obliged to state in the public newspapers. I know that a great number of persons have tried my method in England, and with great success, too; and, therefore, your manly acknowledgement of its merits, standing as it does alone, has the greater claim to public approbation. The Americans, let them be of what party they would, were always *forward*, not only to acknowledge but to proclaim the benefits they derived from my work; but then they were not *borne down* by Corruption; they did not live in fear of her fangs; they were, in short, *freemen*, as their and our forefathers were. They were under no apprehensions of being turned out of house and home; of being harassed by the agents of any tyranny; of being marked out for ruin for doing justice to their instructor. It will easily be believed, that I had *political* opponents enough (for, strange as it may seem, Corruption has numerous well-paid agents even across the Atlantic); but, no one dared to go so far as to act the part of the base scoundrel of the "FARMER'S WEEKLY JOURNAL." One gentleman, in Long Island

(Mr. EFFINGHAM LAURENCE) told me, in October 1819, that an acre and a half of Swedish Turnips, which he had at four feet distances, were *worth more than any TWENTY ACRES of Indian Corn* that he had upon his farm. GENERAL GIBBS, at Newtown, Long Island, told me, in the same month, that his Swedish Turnips (*thirteen acres*) were worth more than all the produce, corn, grain, hay and all, upon *the rest of his farm*, which consisted of about *two hundred acres*! What must the state of things be, then in England, when a base scoundrel can venture to endeavour to calumniate into inutility labours tending to such great and solid public advantage, and who can do this, too, from the most corrupt of all possible motives?

As to the *earth-burning* it is by no means an invention of mine. I was taught it, as I have stated in my work, by Mr. WILLIAM GAUNTLETT, of Winchester, late a Commissary, I believe, in Spain or Portugal. I tried it, found it to answer extremely well, and communicated the thing to those who chose to read my writings. It might have occurred to us all long ago; for, when a field has been *couched*, as we call it; that is to say, when the roots of

grass and clods of earth have been collected into heaps, and burnt, in a ploughed field, we have, all our lives long, seen, in the darker colour and stronger stems of the plants, afterwards grown upon the ground, a proof of the good effect of the *ashes*. Now, *what* ashes are these? Of the *roots of the grass*? I will engage, that a common heap of *couch*, free from *all earth*, does not produce *a wine-glass full of ashes*! No: it is the *earth*, adhering to the grass roots, and burnt along with them, that the ashes proceed from. And, if these ashes, from which the smoke has escaped into the air to be carried away by the wind, are efficacious as manure, what must those ashes be; which, by the process mentioned in my work, have the smoke included in them?

Before I quit the "*muck* and "*mire*" let me tell you, that there are a great many fine things, in this way, to be seen in America. To a real husbandman, it must be a very pleasing thing to behold labourers so well-fed and so strong as to be able to *cradle* from *four to six* English acres of Wheat or Rye in a day, laying the straws as smooth as rods in a bundle; to

see a man mow from three to four acres of *grass* in a day, carrying a swarth full *eight feet wide*! Strange thing, that those giants should have sprung from Englishmen! But, the truth is, the bodies and limbs of the English have grown smaller than they were only forty years ago. Why not! Do not we see all animals fall off if kept badly, and especially if worked hard too. To have the horse fine must we not feed the dam and the colt well? There is, then, no mystery in the fact, that four Yankee mowers will weigh down eight English ones. When a man gets the price of *a bushel* of wheat for his *day's work*, he may carry a good wide swarth! However, there is no doing justice to America without *going to see it*. If you could see their mile-long bridges, *without a single pier*, waggons going over and vessels sailing under; if you could see them with forty oxen to a plough, forming a new turnpike road just as you would form a ten-furrow ridge in one of your fields. If you could see them with a team of twenty or thirty oxen, and only one *one man*, with what they call a *scraper*, filling in the roots and smoothing and rounding a turnpike road at the rate of *three miles an hour to each side*,

and doing about fifteen miles in a day, with what shame you would think of the *toddlers*, the poultry in human shape, that you had left behind *pecking* in the ruts in England! You are clever fellows in Norfolk. You have things in great perfection; but, it would be worth while for you to send an embassy to *Connecticut* to fetch over a Yankee ploughman, his pair of oxen, his yoke, his chain and his plough. He needs no *driver*, no *reins*, no *whip*. "*Haw* and *gee*, *ghup* and *whoa*:" these, with the different modulations of the voice, do the whole thing. I wish to God you could see a Yankee "*law*," going out into the pasture at sun-rise, bare footed and bare legged, with no clothing but trowsers and shirt and a straw-hat, with his yoke upon his shoulder; and could hear him calling his oxen by their names, and could see the gentle animals so obedient to his call and in such haste to get to him if he call in a tone of impatience. Taking the whole of the proceedings of the day together; the part acted by man and oxen; the manners of both; the little noise that they make; the quantity and quality of the labour; the simplicity and trifling cost of the implements; the circum-

stances that it is the ploughman himself who repairs, and frequently makes, those implements: taking the whole together, the Yankee *ploughman's day* is the most interesting thing that the interesting affairs of husbandry present. If you could see a Yankee ploughman at work, you would never rest till you had *rid-ded your farm of horses*. For carting, for harrowing, for moving timber or other heavy things, for every thing, on a farm, oxen are best.

However, I must drop these matters for the present, having to address you on the subject of *Scotch Impudence and English Sheepishness*. These would be things to laugh at, if they produced *no practical mischief*; but they do, and a good deal too. It may seem to be rather "*coarse*" to make use of such words in speaking of the Scotch people. I do not speak of *them*: I speak only of the impudent Scotch authors, adventurers, place-hunters, and their silly, or base, English abettors, in the work of at once plundering and abusing English labourers.

I beg you to bear in mind, that all the projects for *squeezing the English labourer* have originated with the Scotch *feelosofers*. The

example of Scotland has been poked continually under our noses. It was *not taxes* that made English misery; it was not *paper-money*; it was the *poor-laws*, though they had existed for about three hundred years without producing misery. The projects for squeezing the labourer did not (and I beg you to bear the fact in mind) *originate* with the *Pittite fellows*. They have done bad things and foolish things enough. But, it was the other set who commenced the attacks upon the labourer, and who first moulded into projected acts of parliament all the calumnies on him and all the schemes to oppress him and to grind him down to slavery. Observe, too, that the *movers*, the *setters-on*, were the Scotch Reviewers and Place-hunters; that hungry tribe, who began to sally forth upon us in 1806, and who were stopped by PERCEVAL'S cry of "*No Popery*." Those that got in upon us *stuck fast*; and, though they have not succeeded, as they would have done, if the Whigs had remained in power, they have been *working along*, and have never, long at a time, quitted the *poor-laws*.

In 1807, the late Mr. WHITBREAD, whose vanity rendered his quick and flashy parts a great

injury to the country, brought in a bill, which was finally rejected by the *Lords*, for what he called *educating* the poor and for regulating *parish-vestries*. The latter measure has, at last, been adopted, and a *worse measure never was adopted*. The former is still *alive*, and in the hands of Mr. BROUGHAM! This *feelosopher*, having been pretty decently *twisted down*, comes on but slowly with his "*education digest*," though he was in such a hurry about it *last summer*, that he brought the object on when every eye was fixed on his just then exposed exploits at Saint Omer's! which led ill-natured people to suppose, that it was employed in the hope of drawing the public attention from those exploits.

When Mr. WHITBREAD, who was merely a cat's-paw to the *feelosophers*, brought forward his *education bill*, I assailed him, and I did it, because the very preamble of his bill contained a calumny on the labourers of England. It is, just at this time, of great importance that we trace the poor-law projects to their source. The preamble of Mr. Whitbread's bill was as follows:

"Whereas the *instruction* of youth tends most materially to the promotion of morality and

“ virtue, and to the formation of
 “ good members of society, where-
 “ of we have the most convincing
 “ proof, by long experience, in
 “ that part of the United King-
 “ dom called Scotland; and it is
 “ expedient, that provision should
 “ be made for the instruction of
 “ the children of the poor of Eng-
 “ land and Wales; may it please
 “ your Majesty, that it be
 “ enacted, &c.” Now, if this
 means any thing describable, it
 means, that the poor of Scotland
 are *more moral, more virtuous,*
 and *better members of society*
 than the poor of England are;
 and this, I say, is *false*, and
 grossly *insulting to the people of*
England.

This is what I said at that time;
 and I now beg you to read the
Postscript to this letter, where
 you will find *Extracts from the*
Register of 1807, in which I
 made good against WHITBREAD
 my charge of *falsehood and in-*
solence. But, besides what is
 there said, I have now to assert,
 which I do in the most unqua-
 lified manner, that there has been
 given, during the last 25 years,
 more than *five millions of money,*
 raised on *English* labour, to *re-*
lieve the labourers of Scotland;
 and this I am able to prove from
 documents laid before parliament!

And, all the time that this is
 going on, we are called upon to
 abolish our poor-laws, because
 the Scotch are so *moral*, so *in-*
dustrious, and so *happy* without
 poor-laws! Such Impudence
 was never before witnessed under
 the sun.

My real opinion is, that Scot-
 land pays *not a single farthing*
towards the interest of the Debt.
 In short, I am of opinion that *it*
pays no taxes at all. It appears
 to pay about a *seventeenth* part of
 the taxes of Great Britain; but,
 if we put all the salaries, pen-
 sions, sinecures, office-pay, in-
 cluding East Indies, more, we
 shall find, is *received back*, out of
 the taxes by Scotchmen, than
 Scotland pays in taxes. A pretty
 figure the fund-lords would make,
 if *we* were to follow the *example*
of Scotland!

It is a curious thing to see Eng-
 land *gulled* in this manner. But,
 impudence, sheer, naked impu-
 dence, will go, of itself, a great
 way; and the Scotch office-hunt-
 ers have two strings to their bow:
 they can *boo*, or *brag*, as occasion
 requires. They are indefatigable
 in their pursuit of getting upper-
 most; they move in a body;
 they stick together like burrs;
 they are a fraternity, and, like
 monks, if *one* be touched the

whole fall upon the assailant. Their *cautious* and *reserved* manner, and even their *obscurity of expression*, tend to impose upon the weak, and to make them pass for men of superior understanding. "*Familiarity creates contempt*" is a maxim that certainly had its rise amongst the Scotch. A *serious* and *distant* sort of air and a silent tongue are enough to make the mass of mankind believe, that your head is full of wisdom. Then, when need be, they can *crawl* with the caterpillar; they can soften their hard features into smiles, and put a dimple in the place of each high cheek-bone.

This is *offensive* is it? Let them, then, keep their *insolence* to themselves; let them not pour it forth upon us. Their *power* in this country, their enormous power, has arisen from various causes, but, in very few instances, from their superior merits of any kind whatever. They have more than *half* of the emoluments of public offices; they pay less than a seventeenth part of the taxes; and they possess not a *thousandth part of the national talent*. I shall never forget their assuming the honour of taking the "*Invincible Standard*," which was actually taken by a

foreign corps and a *Frenchman*; and, amongst all our misfortunes, we have the good luck to have a "Great Captain of the Age" who is not a Scotchman. If he had been a Scotchman, the Lord have mercy upon us! I am all in a quiver now at the very idea!

Observe, that all this impudence would be nothing, if it had *no practical effect*; but it has. Fools take it for granted, that *poor-rates* are bad, because the *happy* and *moral* Scotch have no poor-rates; and this they do too, and even Lawyer SCARLETT, who is not a *fool*, in the usual sense of the word, talks of the *example of the Scotch*, when it is well known that they have been fed out of English labour for years, and that, no longer ago than the *Six-Acts* time, the Scotch members actually proposed a grant *out of the taxes* for the *relief of the poor of Scotland*! Lord Liverpool gave them the proper answer: "Let Scotland *have her poor-laws* as England has." And yet Lawyer SCARLETT takes up the cast thoughts of the Scotch *feelosofers*, and holds up to us the *example of the Scotch*!

However, we may safely laugh now at all attempts to oppress the labourers of England through the means of this pretended

"*bright example.*" A state of things is now coming, which will send off even the Scotch Bailiffs. Vermin, which thrive upon a diseased carcase, drop off as the animal recovers his health. Some years ago *Scotch-farmers* were the raging fashion. In Oxfordshire there was a person who let his whole estate to "a *firm*" of Scotchmen, who pulled up his barns and homesteads, and laid the whole into "one great *manufactory of food!*" Now mind, I tell it you as a fact for the truth of which I pledge myself, that they had a *counting-house, musters, roll-calls*; that they had a place to stand on whence they could see *all parts of the land at once*; that they used *spying-glasses*, and gave their orders, in many cases, with a *speaking trumpet*! Precisely how the task-masters in Egypt went on I cannot say; but, if they exceeded *this*, they were task-masters indeed!

I have not, of late, heard of these "grand manufacturers of food," who, I dare say, were famous *Yeomanry Cavalry* men. They have dropped the *trumpet*, I suppose. Mr. PEELE has brought them down from this spying mount; from this watch-tower. In short, they will all be broken

up; England will be delivered of them; and for this deliverance I thank the Ministers and Mr. Robert Peel! The Scotch *feelosofers* are cunning; but they are always short of *plain sense*. They did not see how cash-payments would *work*. Indeed, they had no idea that they would ever come; and, besides, did not perceive any thing clearly about the paper-money.

This *money-work* is the work for me; aye, and for you, and for all of us that wish to see the country revive, and to see the labourer *restored to happiness*. Things are coming right as fast as they can; and this is the time, that LAWYER SCARLETT chooses for bringing in a bill to *check the breeding of the labouring people*! I should like to hear the commentary of a dozen country-girls upon this bill! The thing never can *pass*, mind! And, how the Lawyer will get it *out* of the House I am sure I cannot guess.

The *question* seems to be, whether it be to go out at the door, or out at the window! Experience has been cautious in bestowing praise. The charge of *inconsistency*, grounded upon my having been only too eager to applaud, and having, as the result showed, applauded unworthy objects: this

has taught me caution; but, I cannot refrain from applauding the sentiments of Mr. COURTENAY, Lord MILTON, Mr. CALCRAFT, and Sir ROBERT WILSON, with regard to this bill. We have, I should suppose, an imperfect sketch of what they said; but we have quite enough to convince me, that they did their duty like *men*. The bill has since gone into a *committee*, and is, it seems, to come out again on *Tuesday* next, when we shall see the manner, in which it is destined to make its exit. It seems at present to be a good deal in the situation of a weazle in a warrener's trap. It is *in*; but, how is it to *come out*? Here we are, round the trap, keeping a sharp look-out. Whether it be finally to be flung away to rot, or to be hung up to dry, it would be presumption in a person "*out of doors*" even to guess; but, *creep off quietly and silently to die out of sight*, it cannot, must not and shall not. Oh, by George! it shall not go off so! We will get WALTER SCOTT, or some other doggrel poet, to grind it into rhyme for us; and we will give it to be sung by the country-girls over the churn or the cradle. The Lawyer said, that he had not brought the bill

forward without *due reflection*; that he had been *years* maturing the matter in his mind! Bless the head of him! Its construction must be admirable. *Whole years* bringing to maturity a thing which will to a dead certainty end in a ballad!

Dropping this nonsense for the present, we all ought to observe the progress that is making in the opinion, that the *interest of the debt must be reduced*. Lord MILTON plainly said this in the debate upon Lawyer Scarlett's Bill. He said, that a *revolution was silently going on*; and so it is. He said, in 1817, that it was *dishonourable* to propose such reduction. Well. do I charge him with "*inconsistency*?" No: he has seen sufficient to make him *change his mind*. Is that "*inconsistency*?" He is very right; for, a *revolution is going on*, and at a great rate! The money people will have *all* the estates, not occupied by the owners and not upheld by the taxes. I have, as I once before observed, heard, and on good authority, of one single stock-jobber, who was, only *twenty five years ago*, a hawk-er of *oranges and pencils*, and who now has *seven hundred thousand pounds* in mortgages upon estates of families, all of whom

"*came in with the Conqueror!*"

Well: this is their affair, and not ours, provided that Moses, when he shall *walk in*, act fairly towards the farmers; for, he cannot *farm it* himself.

Some persons expect, that the Report of GAFFER GOOCH's committee will contain a recommendation to reduce the interest of the debt. I do not. This is going *too fast*. There must be *under shocks* yet, before the thing will be *explicitly proposed*. Next session is, I think, is the time. Numerous pamphlets will get out during the summer and fall. The newspapers, having felt the pulse of their readers, will begin to unsay and unswear what they have been saying and swearing for the last *nineteen years*, ever since I first opened the subject. And, I think it likely, that the rich fund-holders, seeing what must soon take place, will have *meetings*, and *generously* offer to give up about a *tenth part* of what they will see is about to be taken from them. This I think likely; but it will be of no use. Let the thing be *tapped*, and away it goes; according as it is written in Cobbett's Register of 1806, and is now re-published in the Preliminary Part of Paper against Gold.

I have now, I think, given you a dose enough to sicken you of writing letters to me; but, I must give you a little more; for these *Cash Payments* are working very nicely. The Bank has, I am told, about 150 visitors *from the country* daily, who bring up her rags and carry away nice little parcels of gold. There are sorts of curious things taking place. Great efforts are made by some persons to persuade people, that paper is *better* than gold! This is not overshooting the mark, but overcharging the gun; and it has no effect upon the object. Some say, that paper is *preferred*. Now mark: *purses* are now for sale in the shops that dealt (and still deal) in *bank-note cases*! And I know the fact, that these purses now *sell better than the cases*! The price of the latter has *fallen*! Two venders of them, I knew, have said, that they should be glad to get rid of *their stock* on almost any terms.

However, *it must be so*; for who will run the risk of taking forged notes? And, to mend the matter, the forgers seem to be working double tides and harvest-days. They seem to be in as great a bustle as you are, in hay-time, when the *glass is falling*: I say you are, because all farmers are,

when the menacing clouds set them to kicking the poor dogs about, and when very few living things that come within their reach escape a taste of the effects of the clouds. The forgers make *less noise*; they do not hollow and bawl and stamp and storm: but they appear to be *making hay of their sort*, as busily as bees.

The OBSERVER news-paper of Sunday last gives the silly holders of bank-notes the following account for their comfort: "On Monday the 14th inst. a poor woman, named Hitchcock, picked up a roll of papers in a barge lying off the fair Meadow, at Maidstone, which was employed as a place of refreshment for the visitors to the Fair. On examining the roll, it appeared to consist of 100 *l.* Bank of England notes, done up in five parcels of 20*l.* each. Two of them were taken to the Bank of Messrs. Corral, Mercer and Co. who declared them to be forgeries. On examining the other notes, they were every one found to be forgeries, and most *admirably executed in all their parts*. The woman gave them up to the Bankers, who communicated with the Bank of England on the subject, and on Monday last Messrs. Corral

received directions from the Bank to pay the poor woman five guineas for the *prudent and proper* course she had taken in giving up the notes. From this and other circumstances, it appears that the utterers were *very busy* at the fair. The *resumption of Cash payments* is such a death-blow to their iniquitous commerce, that they are *using double diligence* to make the most of the *short period* that remains to them for defrauding the public. Messrs. Corral and Co. had no fewer than *eleven forged notes presented to them in one day*."

This is well worthy of your attention. But, what does the OBSERVER mean by the "*short period* that remains" for forging? Does he mean, that the *one-pounders will all be quickly in*? Poh! They will never be *all in*; for, the Bank will *now* take *all*, to be sure, whether forged or not; for, if it were to reject notes *now*, on account of their being forged, that would make a pretty clamour, and send its notes a full gallop. Oh, no! It must now *take every thing*; or be prepared for a general run; or resolve to *stop again*; and, *if it stop again*, good bye, paper-system! Therefore, the one-pounders will never

be *all in*, while there is a graving tool, old rags, and copper, brass, steel, iron, or tin, or even lead, in the country. The forgers will keep on *making* and the Bank will keep on *taking*; or, if it refuse notes on the ground of their being forged, while it is *ready to pay good notes in gold*, it is impossible that *any of its notes can remain in circulation* for any length of time.

This seems not to have occurred to "the gentlemen in doors." They appear, indeed, to have taken but a slight glance at the subject. They knew, that, *formerly*, notes and cash circulated *together*; but, they forgot, that the making and uttering of notes was *then* confined to the *Bank*, and that *now*, there is a Company of *Forgers* as well as a Company of *Bankers*. This alters the case; this makes the precedent of *former times inapplicable*; and, it warns every one to get gold into his possession *as quickly as possible*; to keep it if he can, and, at any rate, to have it in gold as long as it remains with him.

Pray, observe; this newspaper calls the present thing "*Resumption of Cash-payments*." And this is what the main part of the people think it. This is good. It was natural, too. The people

have no idea, generally speaking, of the nature and object of VANSITTART's act. The mass of mankind never *split hairs*. It is a "*resumption of Cash-Payments*;" and to that character it *must stand!* The newspapers (nineteen twentieths of them very corrupt) have been eager to represent the thing as a "*resumption of Cash-Payments*;" and to disguise the *option* given to the Bank. So that, if a stoppage were to take place *again*, the credit of the Bank would be wholly destroyed, and that, too, by the hands of its own friends! It cannot *reject forgeries*, without bringing in its notes in *showers*; and, it cannot stop payment again, even after all its own one-pounders are in, without total destruction to its credit.

In late Registers I have said, that the large Bank notes may be changed into small ones, in order to get at the gold. This is true; but, the Bank *pays its notes of all sizes*; and this it must do, unless it stop again altogether; and, one of two things I look upon as certain: *another stoppage, or a speedy reduction of the interest of the Debt*. Not the former, good Ministers, for God's sake! The wise way, and, indeed, the *only* way to prevent

the forging of the one-pounders, is, *to call them in*, and pay none after a day fixed. That would put an end to the forgery of those notes completely. The forgers would then pitch on to the *fives*. To defeat them there, *call in the fives*; and, by going on thus, 'till we come to the *forties*, we should see the *Squares* and *Scrip-Castles* come tumbling down, and the little farm-houses rise up out of their ruins. To this I believe it will come. I believe the thing will go back to wheat at *three shillings a bushel*; and, when I see that, I shall be satisfied; for then every thing will come that I have ever wished for

I remain,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient

And most humble servant,

WM. COBBETT.

POSTSCRIPT.

EXTRACTS FROM REGISTER,

29. AUGUST, 1807.

There was one argument of experience, brought forward in support of this project, which, by way of conclusion, I must take a little notice of; namely, *the example of the people of Scotland*. The Scotch are never backward

in putting forward their claims of any sort, and many just claims they have; but, I am not amongst those who are ready to allow them a *monopoly* either of virtue or of talent; and, I deny that their labouring classes afford any *example* worthy of the imitation of ours. I deny that they are more industrious, more moral, more virtuous in any respect, than the people of England are. I have seen colonies that have been settled by Englishmen, and some by Irishmen, where industry alone could have succeeded; but, I never yet saw a country settled and cleared by the *labour* of Scotchmen. The boastings which have been heard about the wondrous *improvements* in Scotland are numerous; but, will any man pretend to say, that the labourers of that country are more moral, more orderly, their inhabitants more cleanly, their struggles against poverty more unremitted, their labour and their industry greater, than are those of the English labourers?

This notion about Scotch example seems to have come up amongst us with the juvenile economists, whom the late ministers (the Whigs) drafted from the office of the Edinburgh Review, which is a sort of depot for spe-

culators in politics, who go off, each in his turn, as he can make shift to write himself into place. The late ministers seem to have been enamoured with the whole corps, and Lord Henry Petty, in his wisdom, is said to have freighted a Berwick Smack with no small portion of it. Some of these cadet statesmen were put into parliament, where (poor lads!) they were never heard of more. Others were made commissioners of divers descriptions. Others wrote pamphlets about *Slave Trade* and the *Finances* and *Tithes* and *Commeree* and *Agriculture* and the *Poor*, in expectancy of those high offices, the anticipated possession of which, alas! they must now exchange for the gauging-rule, and the bottle at the button-hole.

To this importation of speculators, to their assurance, and to the imbecility of their patrons, we owe, I suspect, all the fine novel projects of Mr. Whitbread and his friends, who seemed desirous of changing every thing *but the corruptions*, against which they had before so bitterly inveighed.

Mr. Whitbread's preambular compliment to the Scotch, containing so gross an insult to us, had certainly its rise in the im-

portunities of this upstart set, who, I was long ago informed, had wriggled themselves into such a degree of influence over even Mr. Fox, as to obtain from him a *pledge* upon matters of great national importance; to them we certainly owe this almost metaphysical project about the poor, and particularly the compliment to Scotland at the expence of his own character.

Had the compliment been *true*, I should, I hope, have been amongst the last to find fault with it; but, I deny its truth; I assert it to be false; and my assertions are full as good as the assertions of Mr. Whitbread. But I wish the matter not to rest upon assertion. If you try the matter by individual observation, there is no coming to a decision, because the assertion on one side is as good as that on the other. Let us appeal, in an instance or two, to acknowledged facts. In general, the *resources* of countries, as ascertained by the amount of their taxes, compared with their population, is not a very certain way of coming at a criterion whereby to judge of their industry, either positive or relative. But, where there are two countries, under one and the same government, lying adjoining to each other, having both a

due proportion of the offices and emoluments of the state, then the amount of the taxes raised in each, compared with their respective population, is a fair criterion whereby to judge of their relative industry, ingenuity and enterprise.

If this be so, and, I think, it would puzzle the whole corps of the cadet statesmen to overset it, let us refer to the criterion here mentioned. The taxes, raised annually in Scotland, amount to something *less than one-seventeenth of the taxes raised in Great Britain*. The population of Scotland amounts to something less than one *seventh* of the population of Great Britain; so that each person in England (including Wales, observe), each of these *lazy, vicious* English, pays to the state annually much more than double the sum that is paid by each of those *industrious and moral* Scotch, of whom our labourers, in their hard struggles against poverty and misery, are exultingly told to take an *example*! The Irish, with a population of four millions; that is to say, a population amounting to a *third* of Great Britain; the poor abused, despised, wretched Irish, pay *two seventeenths* of the expences of our army and navy, besides

paying the whole of the interest upon their own national debt, and wholly maintaining their own expensive government, civil and military.

Let us not be put off with an assertion that the custom-house is chiefly in England; for the other taxes as well as customs bear the same proportion. Nor will any shuffle about *barren lands* avail the cadets; for, we take not, observe, extent of country, nature of soil, but, *population*, and the amount of population is always the measure of the means of subsistence.

The other instance, which I shall take is grounded upon facts equally undeniable. It will, I think, be admitted, that when the people of a country are, in times of tranquillity, and under no extraordinary circumstances, given to *emigrate*, that people cannot be very industrious, nor have, in any very high degree, the virtues, which we could wish to meet with in society. Savages, who never labour if they can avoid it, are always wandering from place to place. Sturdy oegars roam from town to town and

from county to county. Change of place, change of profession, change of employers, "any thing rather *than work*," is the motto of every lazy man in the world. Out of Scotland there have been more persons emigrated to America, within the last ten years, than out of England, in all probability, within the last hundred years, notwithstanding the great superiority in the population of the latter. "They emigrated for *want of work*;" no proof, at any rate, of industry, of ingenuity, or of enterprize of the industrious sort. Nay, such influence have the Scotch had, and so foolish has been the government, that upon a report made to parliament, that there was danger of a whole district of Scotland being depopulated *for want of work* money, large sums of money were, and still are, annually granted *to set them to work* in making *canals and bridges and draining lakes* in their own country; that is to say, to live in idleness upon, or, at the very best, to improve Scotland

by, *the fruit of English labour*, the fruit of the labour of those, whom the cadet statesmen and silly patrons, have the insolence to accuse of laziness and vice, and to whom they hold up the Scotch as an example!

We are people that delight in quacks and pretenders of all sorts, otherwise it would have been impossible, that the parliament, however constituted, supposing *a majority to be English*, should, for a moment, have tolerated the false and insulting preamble, upon which I have been remarking; that they should have tolerated, in any shape, such an outrage upon the orderly and honest and laborious and ingenious and persevering and patient people of England. Where did any man, however far he may have travelled, see such cleanliness, such neatness, such attention to ornament as well as convenience, such care of their animals, such affection and tenderness for their parents and children, amongst the labouring

part of the community, as are visible in the dress, in the houses, in the gardens and in the domestic life and manners of English labourers? There are more objects of this description in Hampshire alone, though Lord Grenville lately told us that it ought to be no more dear to us than Hanover, for which we will remember him; there are more of these delightful objects in this one county, than there are, perhaps, in all the world besides, England excepted. And can I, when I daily see these objects, when I see and admire the dispositions of men, who, though pressed down with poverty, can, at their return from their daily labour, spend the twilight in works of neatness round their cottages; can I when I see this, refrain from feeling indignant at the set of upstart politicians, who know nothing of England but what they have seen from the deck of a smack or through the pane of a stage-coach window, and who have the audacity to bid these English labourers

look for an example to the gardenless and floor-less cabins of Scotland, where the master of the mansion nestles in at night in company with his pig or his cow?

EXTRACT FROM REGISTER.

24 OCTOBER, 1807.

I shall now proceed to reply to what the correspondent has said respecting the state of Scotland. And, here I must beg the reader to bear in mind, that my former observations were *provoked*; that the labourers of Scotland had been, in the preamble to an act of parliament, represented as better members of society than the labourers of England; and that herein was contained a *challenge*, on the part of Mr. Whitbread's instructors, against the people of England. A thousand instances of arrogance like this I have seen in Scotch publications, and have passed them over in silence as the effects of that *nationality*, for which the people of Scotland are so renowned, and which, though

a fault, is certainly a fault upon the right side; but, when I found that this feeling was operating in a way to become the foundation of a law materially to alter the parochial laws and the manners of England, it was impossible to remain any longer silent.

Scoto-Britannus begins by giving us a description of a Scotch labourer's dwelling, family, fare, and manners; and, I cannot positively swear that this description is false, because I have never been in Scotland; but, as he refers me to the testimony of those who have been there, I will tell him, that the description I have received from such persons is nearly as follows: a cabin built of mud and thatch, having no floor but the earth, having no window of glass, but a hole to let in light, stopped occasionally with a board; a hole through one end of the roof to let out the smoke, and division by a hurdle, to separate the family from the cow, or pig, where either happens to be kept. The

bed is made of heath, placed the stems downwards and cut off smooth at the top, the elasticity of which renders it less galling to the body. The whole family have neither shoes nor stockings, and the children neither hats nor caps. The utensils are wooden bowls, and horn spoons, and a kettle or two. There are none of those places near the dwelling, which English cleanliness and decency take care to provide; but a dunghill opposite the door is the receptacle for filth of every description, while a spot of ground, denominated a "*cale yard*" is all you perceive of the nature of a garden.

This is the description, which I have received, from persons, upon whose word I place reliance; and, though, doubtless, there are many exceptions therefrom, I am sincerely persuaded, that, at a general description, it is perfectly just. I am told, too, that in Edinburgh, that emporium of learning and of virtue, the people

throw from their windows into the street all that we send away without offending any one of the senses; and that, if it be unhappily your lot to ascend their staircase, which is very lofty, you must take special care to tread precisely on the middle, each corner of each step being loaded with filth. The old sayings, too, about that tormenting disorder of the skin, which for the sake of Scoto-Britannus shall here be nameless, seem to correspond with this account of a want of cleanliness in Scotland. When a term of reproach is taken up, it is generally strained in its application; but, it seldom prevails to any extent, and for any length of time, if it have not *some* foundation. I remember also, that, when Scotch recruits were brought up to Chatham Barracks, it was the *invariable* practise to send them to a particular ward in the *hospital*, there to be anointed and rendered clean, before they were permitted even to set their foot in the Barrack rooms. I

never saw this precaution taken with respect to recruits of any other country; and, I am compelled to believe, that there was some solid reason for the distinction.

But, if it really be true, that the state of the labourer in Scotland is what Scoto has described it to be, how happens it, that we hear of *no emigration to that country!* We hear of emigration *from* it, indeed, and of that we will speak by-and-by; but, how comes it, that we hear of *no emigration to it*; plenty and happiness being commodities which are, of all others, the surest to draw customers? The Pict's wall is surely not standing! No: that cannot be, because the Scotch emigrate in great numbers to England, that is to say, according to Scoto and Mr. Whitbread, *from plenty and virtue to poverty and vice*, a practice wholly at variance with the theory, except we suppose, that those who emigrate hither are all school-masters coming from motives of

pure philanthropy, to teach us how we may obtain plenty and banish poverty and vice!

Scoto tells me, that there are as many Scotchmen as Europeans of all other nations in the *West-Indies*, and *more in Hindostan*, and this he produces as a proof of the *industry* of his countrymen, owing, as he says, in a great part, to their plan of *education*. I admit it all, without the least reserve; and, in order to convince me, that a similar plan of education is desirable for England, he has only to prove, that England would derive strength from the education of her most able bodied sons, or, that, remaining at home, slaves could, somehow or other, be found to work for them. But, he seems here to have forgotten, that Mr. Whitbread's intention was not to educate men for the West Indies, not to educate them for East India collectors or West India overseers, but for English labourers. This remark of Scoto confirms, in a great de-

gree, what I have said about the tendency of the book education *disinclining men to labour*; for, while, as I before observed, we can be shewn no colony composed of Scotch labourers, we know of many composed, from their first settlement, of English, of Irish, and of Germans; and, it is notoriously true, that, of the American States, those only where the cultivation is carried on by *slaves*, have, for proprietors of the soil, any considerable number of Scotchmen, or the descendants of Scotchmen; whence comes the saying in America; "give the *cowkin* to the Scotchman and the *hoe* to the Negro;" and, as Mr. Whitbread's manufactory was professedly intended for *hoers*, the Scotch plan seems to have been the very worst that could have been adopted.

My *two instances* of undeniable facts have, as I anticipated, greatly puzzled the advocates of *Scotch example*. Scoto denies, however, that the

criterion, founded upon the relative amount of the taxes, as compared with the relative population of England and Scotland, is a fair one; for, says he, many of my countrymen pay taxes in London. To be sure they do; but, will you attempt to persuade me, that it is from *Scotch labour* that they acquire the means of paying those taxes? *This* is the point to keep in view; for we are discussing, not whether the parish-school education tends to make *good getters of money*, but whether it tends to make good labourers, and to make a country productive.

As this is all that Scoto-Britannus has offered in answer to my argument, founded on the relative amount of the taxes, compared with the population, I think I may leave that argument as it stood before.

As to the instance, founded on the fact of the Scotch emigration to America, Scoto ascribes that emigration to Sir JOHN SINCLAIR's scheme of moulding small farms into large ones; but, in-

sists, at the same time, that emigration is a proof of *enterprise* and *industry*. Well, then, as ten times as many Irish emigrate, the Irish must be still *more enterprising and industrious*! Be it so, for argument's sake; but, again, I say, that Mr. Whitbread's plan was not intended to prepare the people for the exercise of industry in *foreign climates*; but to make them good labourers *at home*.

One observation of mine, and that the most important of all, Scoto has quite overlooked; and that was, that at the very time, that a law is proposed to be passed to educate the poor of England upon a Scotch plan, with a view of making them as moral, as industrious, and as happy as the poor of Scotland, large sums are annually granted out of the fruit of the labourers of England *expressly* for the purpose of preventing the Scotch from emigrating, by *making work* for them at home. It is truly surprising that Scoto should have

overlooked so material a fact ; because, without some very satisfactory reasons against it, we must conclude from this fact, that the “ flourishing state of “ Scotland,” about which so much has been said, is a pure fiction ; or that, from motives none of the best, the several sets of ministers have been guilty of *partiality the most shameful*. In the year 1806, there was granted, out of the taxes, of which Scotland pays *one seventeenth* part, 70,000 pounds to make work upon bridges and canals, in order to prevent labourers from emigrating ; and 17,000 pounds *to send food to others of them*. This is nearly a thirtieth part of the whole of the taxes that Scotland pays ; and, observe, that these grants *have been going on for years*, and are likely to go on for years to come. Now, I should like to see Mr. MALTHUS apply his principles to this practice of ours ; or, to see the Edinburgh Reviewers with Mr. Whitbread in their rear, endeavouring to persuade us, that the labourers of the country, who cannot support themselves *without aid from the fruit of English labour*, are proper to be *held up as an example for English labourers*. Nothing, surely, but folly bordering upon idiocy, urged on by importunity and impudence unparalleled, could have produced the insult, of which I complain, and which I should be ashamed of myself not to resent.

When we, the lazy and vicious English, want bridges, roads, and canals, we are obliged to make them at our own private expense, and to *pay for acts of parliament* authorising us so to do ; but, the industrious, and virtuous Scotch are to be *paid out of the taxes*, that is to say, *out of the fruit of Englishmen’s labour*, for making these things for themselves, while others of them have, from the same source, food sent them to induce them to remain in their country ; and to prevent a diminution in its population ! Oh,

wise system of political economy !
A system much more closely connected with that of the Scotch *boroughs* (where, too, *virtue* is most conspicuous) than many persons seem to be aware.

But, Mr. Whitbread must have had knowledge of these grants ; he could not possibly have been ignorant of them ; and, ought he not, then, to have stopped until he could have reconciled them with the assertion contained in his preamble, before he had advanced that assertion ? Was it for a projector of great alterations in the manners of the people ; was it for a deep reformer of morals and dispositions ; was it for a law-giver, whose ambition stopped at nothing short of a radical revolution in the public mind, to expose the very basis of the schemes to the hostility of facts such as these, here produced and applied by an obscure individual ?—" Believe me, Mr. Cob-
" bett," says Scoto, in conclusion,
" the Scotch are an industrious,
" an ingenious, and an enter-

" prizing people." I do believe it, Sir ; I know it to be so ; I am well acquainted with the talents and virtues of a great number of them ; and I have always regarded the whole of them as an excellent people. I scarcely ever knew a Scotchman, whose word might not be relied upon ; I have generally found them, in very trying times, bold, amongst the bitterest enemies, in defence of their country. They are acute, prudent, sober, faithful ; though, in general, not adventurous, yet never cowards ; and, though cold in their manners, kind in their natures. But, Sir, it is not their *parish schools* and their *politically appointed pedagogues* that have made them thus ! This was their character long before those schools were thought of ; and while my anxious wish is, that those schools may not adulterate that character, I shall use the utmost of my endeavours to prevent their example, in that respect, from being followed in that part of the kingdom, to which I more immediately belong.

PRELIMINARY PART
OF
COBBETT'S PAPER AGAINST GOLD.

This Work is just published, price 3s. 6d. and it does, I think, clearly prove the *justice* as well as the *necessity* of greatly reducing first, and, in the end, stopping altogether, the *Interest of the Debt*. It consists of Essays written between 1803 and 1806, both inclusive, to which are subjoined, some notes. Its arguments then were met by arguments (which

are all fairly stated) and by most foul abuse. They remained wholly unshaken then; and, I am satisfied, they will remain unshaken now.—The reader will be amused to see, that Mr. RICARDO'S project for *dividing the land with the fund-holders*, originated with one of the *silliest of my antagonists of 1806!* Oh! Mr Perry! How “happy the Spanish Legislator must be to be able to take down from his shelf a Blackstone, or a Ricardo!”

COBBETT'S SERMONS.

Sermons the public call them, and I will do the same. The *Six Acts* provides for the free circulation of pamphlets on religion, so that I may be said to take, in this case, the benefit of those acts. I will confess, that it was those Acts which *inspired* me with the thought of preaching in print. "*Tract*" is beneath the thing described; and, besides, the public *will have* mine to be *Sermons*. *Sermons*, therefore, they shall be. As a proof of the piety of the days, in which we live, and of my superiority over the *Doctors*, I will venture to say, that I am able to prove a ten times greater sale of my *Sermons*, than can be proved of the *Sermons* of any Doctor that belongs, or ever did belong, to either of the Universities.

COBBETT'S PUBLICATIONS.

The LAST VOLUME OF THE REGISTER (Vol. 38) is now complete, bound in boards, price

SEVEN SHILLINGS. It begins with the *New Year's gift to the farmers*. It contains the *Sermon to the Good Methodists*; the first three *Letters to Mr. Peel*; and several other papers, which may be useful at this time, when THE SYSTEM is in its agony. The Volume has a Table of Contents and an Index.—COBBETT'S MONTHLY RELIGIOUS TRACTS. The four first Numbers are out. The first, "*Naboth's Vineyard; or God's vengeance against hypocrisy and cruelty.*" The second, "*The Sin of Drunkenness in Kings, Priests and People.*" The third, "*God's Vengeance against Bribery.*" The fourth, "*The Rights of the Poor and the Punishment of Oppressors.*" Each of these Numbers has gone through several large editions, and the work makes the "*Tract Society*" tremble for the fate of its veritable trash. Cant and rant cannot make head against plain common sense. The price of the "*Religious Tract*," is three pence. Many persons

have expressed a wish that the Tract came out *more frequently*; but, at present, this would not be convenient to the author. He must have time for other things. While he neglects not the "mint and cummin," he must attend to the "weightier matters of the laws." While he fails not to write his *Monthly Tracts*, he must not forget his *Weekly Duty towards the System*, especially now that Corruption herself is at her wit's end. The *Six Acts* make an exception in favour of "*Religious Publications*;" and, the author thought it hard, if he could not get his nose, at any rate, into the privileged class.—COBBETT'S *GRAMMAR*, a new and neat edition, price 2s. 6d., bound in boards. It was intended for the use of young persons in general, and especially for the use of soldiers, sailors, apprentices and plough boys; but, the author has discovered, (in rather an odd manner) that it is in *great vogue* amongst "*statesmen*;" and, God

knows, it was not before it was *wanted by them!* —

COBBETT'S *YEAR'S RESIDENCE IN AMERICA*, a thick volume in Octavo. 10s. bound in boards.

Very useful for those who want to know what America *really is*.

—A New Edition of *PAPER AGAINST GOLD*, that complete history and exposure of the mystery, of the Bank, the Funds and the Paper-System. Price *five shillings*, bound in boards.—

Just published, price 3s. 6d. the *Preliminary Part of Paper against Gold*, containing the articles written by the author on the subject of the *Sponge*, before the date of *Paper against Gold*.

In these articles, the *wiping off of the whole of the Debt* is maintained to be *just*, if necessary to the happiness of the nation; and, though the Landlords seem not to dare to attempt it, that does not alter the nature of the thing. The author is satisfied, that it must be done *at last*, though the "*Lords of the Soil*" will probably, lose the soil first. ALSO,

IN THE PRESS, a thing that is a great favourite with the author:

"The AMERICAN GARDENER; or a treatise on the situation, soil, fencing and laying-out of Gardens; on the making and managing of hot-beds and green-houses; and on the Propagation and Cultivation of the several sorts of Table-Vegetables, Herbs, Fruits and Flowers." The author promised

this work to his good and kind neighbours in America. It was principally written in that country; and would have been finished there, had it not been for *Peel's Bill to witness the effects* of which made him hasten away home. Thanks to Mr. PEEL, the author set off for dear Old England in November; for, if it had not been for that Bill, the author would have remained 'till spring, and then he would have lost the inexpressible pleasure of seeing Her Majesty arrive! *Peel's Bill* brought him away with his works in an unfinished state. It is now finished; and,

though it be the "*American Gardener*," he thinks it contains matter more than worth the purchase money to an English reader, who takes delight in gardening; and, besides the Horticultural information, the book contains the best possible account of the *climate*, and of things connected with the climate, of the country, for the use of which it is written.——In answer to enquiries about the FRENCH GRAMMAR, the author begs the public to consider a little what have been his labours since his return to England! This is a work, which he cannot suffer to go out of his hands with a single doubt in his mind as to any part of it. It would, however, have been ready for the press before this time, had it not been for the last-mentioned work, which he had *promised* to so many kind friends. All that he can say, is, that he thinks to have the French Grammar out during the summer. But, let it be borne in mind that the main business of his life is to

watch the motions of *Corruptio*. He has been dogging her steps for many years. She has now-and-then, turned upon him and given him a bite; but, now that he sees the bloody monster hemmed up in a corner, looking about her in vain for an out-let whereby to escape; when he sees her sides heave and her jaws filled with foam, he cannot quit

her for long at a time. Expire she must; but, she must not expire, without a last blow from him.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B. has my best thanks for a *book* that I will endeavour to make good use of.